Treason

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— AND —

Loyalty,

A NEW AND ORIGINAL MILITARY DRAMA IN SIX ACTS, TABLEAUX AND GRAND FIRE SCENE,

— BY —

H. H. Palmer.

CANTON, OHIO.
H. H. PALMER, Publisher.
1889.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

LEON ST. CLAIR, from Drummer to Colonel.

MARK DARTWELL, a Traitorous Villain, afterward Captain of a Band of Guerillas.

RANDAL ELLSWORTH, a Union Captain.

PATRICK MCGINTY, a Sargeant always on time.

COLONEL HARVEY, Union.

GEN. HANCOCK, Union.

CHAPLAIN, Union and Confederate.

THOS. WALLACE, Federal soldier.

BOB CLIFFORD, Confederate Guard.

SNOWBALL, a Colered Cook.

WILLIE, News Boy.

GEORGE MANNING, brother to Lillie.

JENNIE ASHCROFT, Brokenhearted.

MRS. ASHCROFT, Leon's Mother.

LILLIE MANNING, Sister of George, in love with Leon.

EVA ST. CLAIR, Sister to Leon, aged ten.

Federal Soldiers.

Confederate Soldiers.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT. 1. The St. Clair Mansion, New York City. Breaking out of the war. Enlisting. Parting from loved ones. Marriage proposed by Mark and rejected by Jennie. A fine drill. The farewell dinner. Music by drum corps. Song by mixed quartette.

ACTS 2 3 4 & 5. During service. The rebel spy in camp. He is captured and makes his escape. Taking a rebel redoubt. Capturing the rebel flag. Leon wounded. The hospital. Leon delirious. The nurse abducted and rescued from a burning cabin in Virginia. Germany and Ireland to the rescue. Mark recaptured, and again makes his escape. The great battle of Gettysburg. The iron brigade going into action. Death of Generals Raynolds, Weed, Vincent, O'Roork and Hazlet. General Hancock takes command. Death of Jennie. George Manning,s confession, and Mark accused of the mysterious murder. The Italian in camp. Leon to the rescue. Contest and Mark falls.

ACT 6. Home again. Restoration of peace. Grand tableau.

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COSTUMES.

Leon—Blue uniform clear through; a bald wig while assuming German character.

Mark—First dress, business suit; second, gray uniform; third, blue uniform; fourth, gray uniform; fifth, old pants, red flannel shirt and slouch hat.

Pat—First dress, knee pants, long stockings and cutaway coat; second, blue uniform, red beard, bald wig.

Randal—Blue uniform.

Harvey—Blue uniform, G. A. R. hat.

Hancock— " " " "

Palmer— " " " "

Jack— " " " "

George—Gray uniform.

Thos.—Blue uniform.

Bob.—Gray uniform.

Snowball—First dress, white shirt and white apron; second dress, a tough looking suit and straw hat; third dress same as first; fourth, blue uniform.

Jennie—First dress fine; second as a nurse.

Mrs. A.—Dressed as an old lady.

Lillie—First dress fine, second as a nurse, third same as first.

Eva—First dress, short clothes; second fine long dress.

Willie—Dressed as a boot-black, with box.

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Treason and Loyalty.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st.—*Parlor in 3d groove* C. D. *open, backed by garden—Jennie and Mark discovered at* C. D. *Sofa* R. C.—*table and chairs* L. C.—*Fife and drums heard off* R.

Jennie coming down to sofa.

Jennie. Oh! Mr. Dartwell, how can you uphold the south and their cause?

Mark. Because I think their cause just.

[*Three cheers heard off* R. *Enter Leon* C. D.

Leon. This is enough to fire the blood of all northern patriots. I have enlisted in the 93d, New York, as a drummer, and my life shall be offered to our country until our cause shall have triumphed.

Mark. Pooh, you are no soldier, and besides, this cause is not just. What right has the north to dictate to the south the manner in which they shall be governed. Why should they interfere with our old-time institutions? I, for one, am in sympathy with the south, and I shall devote my life to their cause.

Leon. Mark Dartwell, you are a coward and a traitor.

Mark. Humph, your assertion is unfounded; you say I am a coward; can you prove it? Have you ever stood before an antagonist with a revolver leveled at your heart, as I have done in the dueling field? You think your cause is just, and I think mine the same. Is

it not natural that I should cling and be loyal to the place of my birth?

Leon. Yes; but have you not been reared in the north, have you not breathed its air, shared its blessings and the protection of its flag? Is it not cowardly, unjust and traitorous for you to turn against her at this trying moment? I say you are no true American; you are a renegade, a coward, a traitor.

Mark. "And I say you are a liar." [*Business.*

Jennie. Gentlemen, you forget you are in the presence of a lady. But Mark Dartwell, you deserve your chastisement and under the circumstances I shall overlook this breach of etiquette. I honor you Leon, for your decision, and may the God of battles guide and protect you.

Mark. Leon St. Clair, you gave me a blow, and that insult can never be wiped out except by blood. You say you are to espouse the union cause, and I am determined to fight for the south. We shall meet on the battle field perhaps, then I can call you to account for this insult, and then 'twill be your life or mine.

[*Exit Mark* C. D. L. *Enter Pat.* C. D. R.]

Pat. Top O the morning to ye, Mr St. Clair. Sure there's a gentleman beyondt as wants to spake mid ye.

Leon. Show the gentleman in.

Pat. Yes, soir.

[*Exit Pat.* C. D. R., *and return with Randal.*

Ran. Mr. St. Clair, I believe.

Leon. Yes, sir, my name is St. Clair, Leon St. Clair.

Ran. I am Captain Ellsworth.

Leon. Miss Ashcroft, Captain Ellsworth.

Jennie. I am happy to meet you, Captain.

Ran. It affords me much pleasure to meet you, Miss Ashcroft. Here is a letter from the Colonel, Mr. St. Clair.

Leon. Be seated Captain. (*Leon reads aloud.*)

NEW YORK, APRIL 20TH, 1861.

Mr. Leon St. Clair, city:—You will please report to-day at my headquarters for duty, and oblige Colonel Harvey, Commanding the 93d New York.

Well, Jennie, you have heard what the Colonel says in his letter. Now I am off.

[*Enter Mrs. Ashcroft and Eva*, C. D.

Leon. Good-bye, Jennie. [*Business.*

Mrs. A. Why Leon, my son, are you going so soon?

Leon. Yes. mother; the Colonel sent me notice to-day to report for duty at once, and I am off; good-bye mother; good-bye Eva; good-bye Patrick.

Mrs. A. Good-bye my son, and may heaven protect you.

Jennie. Good-bye Leon, be true and steadfast to your cause.

Eva. Good-bye, dear brother.

[*Here the ladies should all cry.*

Leon. Good-bye.

Pat. Good-bye Leon, me bye, go to the war and kill all the rebelen divils ye can.

[*Exit Leon and Ran.* C. D. L.

Pat. Oh, Mrs. Ashcroft, he's a braud uv a bye, and sure he'll kum home a Captain ur a Curnel, I du no. An' phat the divil's the matter wid me bein' a soldier too, begora. I'll go and 'list meself.

[*Exit Pat.* C. D. L.—*Exit Mrs. A. and Eva* C. D. R.—*Enter Mark* C. D. R.]

Mark. Well, Miss Ashcroft, I have decided to go south, take up arms and fight Yankee invaders to the bitter end. But before we part I want your decision in regard to our marriage.

Jennie. Marriage, marriage did you say?

Mark. I said marriage.

Jennie. Sir, do you, Rebel, that you are, insist upon insulting me, by again proposing marriage to a loyal

northern girl. Sir, I would suffer both my arms to be severed from my body before I would marry a traitor.

Mark. Very well, Miss, call me traitor or what you may, I will fight those accursed Yankee invaders until they'll be compelled to acknowledge the independence of our confederacy; and the time will come, when you'll be sorry for those words, for I swear to you that you shall never become the wife of Leon St. Clair.

[*Exit Mark* C. D. R.—*Jennie falls on sofa and cries—enter Mrs. A.* C. D. R.]

Mrs. A. Oh, my poor child, what has happened; why do you weep?

Jennie. Oh, mother, Mark Dartwell has just left here raging with fury, and he is going south to take up arms and perhaps he and Leon will meet on the same battle field for one to kill the other.

Mrs. A. No, no my child, 'tis impossible for them to quarrel on purpose, as they are cousins, you know.

Jennie. No, 'tis not impossible; why, they have already had angry words before my very eyes; and Leon gave him such a slap in the face as to send him reeling to the floor.

Mrs. A. Oh, heavens, have they been so foolish as to talk politics.

Jennie. Yes; and Mark said the blow that Leon gave him could only be wiped out by blood.

Mrs. A. Come my child, let's go out in the open air; it may do you good. [*Exit* C. D. R.

SCENE 2.—*Street in 2d groove—Enter Leon and drum corps* L. 2 E., *followed by Ran. and federal soldiers—Business—Enter Pat.* L. 2 E. *in blue uniform.*

Pat. Begora Capt'in I stapped on the way to get a wee drap o' the whisky, and sure I got behoindt me company.

Ran. Well sir, it's against orders to fall out of the ranks for anything.

Pat. But begora Capt'in I was so dry I had to wet me whistle, and sure this is me first toime in the ranks and you should overlook the first offense.

Ran. Very well Pat., I'll overlook it this time, but see that it don't happen again.

Pat. Oh, yes soir, (*aside*) see that it don't happen again. Now, that's just phat Tim Cooney told his wife when she took his plug hat for a milk bucket, an' sure it was a little pail.

Ran. Attention, company; present arms; carry arms; order arms, *etc. etc., and stack arms* R. 1 E.

SCENE 3.—*Wood in 4th groove—a long table set with the flag, and farewell dinner—Enter Federal Chaplain, Mrs. Ashcroft, Jennie, Eva, Lillie and citizens* R. U. E.—*all the soldiers eat after Chaplain asks the blessing; then the drum corps plays "The Girl I left behind me"; then the entire company sings "Star Spangled Banner"*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Water in 4th groove—Dark Stage—Enter Ran.* R. 2. E. *with Federal Soldiers—Enter Pat with a double barreled shot gun.*

Ran. Men, we are called upon to-night to do the most important duty of a soldier.

Pat. And phat's that, I du no?

Ran. To go forth in advance and watch the enemy and insure safety to our comrades in camp. I think I can trust you all to do your duty.

Pat. Well, be the walls o' jerico, yez can thrust me. Sure I have a two shooter here, one trigger is loaded but the other one is empty.

Ran. Have your pieces in readiness and as soon as you see the flash from the enemy's guns, give them hail columbia.

[*A flash off* L. *followed by the report of a cannon.*] Ready, aim, fire; load, ready, aim, fire. Cease firing; load, carry arms.

[*Enter Mark and confederate soldiers* L 2 *and* 3 E.

Mark. Now boys, down with the infernal Yankees.

Ran. Present, arms, charge bayonets.

[*Exit Mark and confederate soldiers* L. 2 *and* 3 E.

Pat. Och murther, bad luck to the gray-back divils.

Ran. Why Pat, what has happened?

Pat. Och, be dad, I lost me canteen o' whisky.

Ran. Why, I don't see what you want with whisky when water is so plenty.

Pat. Oh, divil take water; sure it's pizen to me. O'i'm loike a mad dog; Oi take fits when Oi drink water.

Ran. Now men, our mission is over for to-night. Fall back and go into camp.

[*Exit Ran. and F. soldiers* R 2 *and* R. 3—*Enter Tom.* R. 2 E. *and walks to and fro on picket duty—Enter Mark* L. 2 E., *blue coat and slouch hat.*

Tom. Halt! Who goes there?

Mark. A friend with the countersign.

Tom. Advance friend, and give the countersign.

[*Mark goes to the guard—Enter Pat.* R. M. E.—*Enter Leon* R. 2 E.]

Tom. Give the countersign.

Mark. I have forgotten it. Pass me.

Tom. I can't do it, sir.

Leon. Who are you, sir?

Mark. I am a union scout.

Leon. Sir, if you are a union scout why do you seek to hide your face? Give me your name and remove your hat until I see your face.

Mark draws two revolvers, covers Leon with one and the guard with the other.

Leon. Ha, I know you now, you are no friend, you are an enemy; you are Mark Dartwell, my cousin, and you are a rebel spy.

Mark. And what if I am a spy; all is fair in love and war; and besides, I've got the drop on you this time. This revolver has a hair trigger, and a slight touch will discharge it and you know how accurate is my aim.

Leon. Why don't you fire? you have me at a disadvantage? But it is no great credit to kill me thus, but at least you can accomplish your murderous purpose with but little or no risk to yourself.

Mark. Oh, I am not so bad as you suppose. I want to give you time to pray; I want to let you live until you can have time to look around and select a pleasant place to be buried; I want you to think of Jennie Ashcroft, the one whom you love but can never marry. The one I shall wed when I return to New York after the war is over.

Leon. Coward and liar, that you are, lower your weapon until I draw mine, and I will face you, and make you swallow those words or die before you like a man, and not like a dog.

Mark. What do you take me for? a fool. Do you suppose I am going to fight a duel within ear shot of the whole picket guard and be captured by them.

[*Leon reaches for his own revolver.*

Mark. Stop right there; another move and I will send your soul to the infernal regions in one second. Now, I will count five and at the last word I shall press the trigger, and my bullet will tear a jagged hole through your heart, and you will fall a bleeding corpse at my feet, and then I will have my revenge for the blow you

gave me in the presence of Jennie Ashcroft; then I shall kill this sentry and be off before any one can reach this post.

[*Light stage; Pat. comes down behind Mark.*

Mark. One—two—three—four—

Pat. Foive, begora, and may the divil floy away wid the loikes ov yez for a black-hearted villian.

Mark. Curse your Irish heart. I have lost my game through you.

Pat. Sure ye hev that me laddie buck.

[*Leon draws revolver, and guard draws gun.*

Mark. Why don't you shoot me, curse you.

Leon. I am not a murderer. You have already forfeited your life by acting a rebel spy in the union camp, and I could not shoot down a man in cold blood when he is unarmed.

Pat. Begora, I'de loike to give the spalpeen a whack wid me shille.

Leon. Never mind, Pat, he's harmless now; take him to the guard house and don't take your eyes off of him until you get him under lock and key, for he's as slippery as an eel and as treacherous as a tiger.

Pat. March, ye divil, to the guard house, an' ef ye wink out loud, be all the saints I'll blow the ugly mug off o' ye.

[*Exit Mark* R. U. E., *followed by Pat with gun at a charge bayonet—Exit Leon and Tom* R.

SCENE 2—*Street in 1 groove—Enter Gen. Palmer and Randal* R. 1 E.

Gen. Palmer. Captain, I understand that Patrick McGinty in company with St. Clair, a drummer in your company captured Dartwell, a Rebel spy, early this morning and placed him under guard.

Ran. Oh, indeed; well that's good for a promotion for them.

[*Enter Pat.* R. 1 E. *with a piece of paper in his hand.*]

Pat. Sure we did that: we put the murtheren divil in the guard house an' placed a guard on all four sides uv the house and the thafe crawled out through the roof and stabbed the guard to the heart and left this bit uv paper tied to the handle uv the dagger.

Gen. Pal. And made his escape!

Pat. Yes, soir, but rade this bit uv paper.

Gen. Palmer reads:

This poor fellow lost his life while doing his duty. I regret that it was necessary to kill him to make my escape. But I don't hesitate to remove all obstacles in my path. I deeply regret that my dagger did not pierce Leon St. Clair's heart instead of his. But let St. Clair beware, for his turn will come soon. Yours in hate,

MARK DARTWELL.

Well, this is indeed a threatening letter. Here Pat, you take this letter to Mr. St. Clair, at once.

Pat. Yes, soir.

[*Exit Pat* R. 1 E.—*Enter Colonel Harvey* L. 1 E.]

Col. Har. Good morning, Captain, I want to see you on an important mission.

Ran. Indeed, what do you wish me to do?

Col. Har. Well, I have just learned through one of our scouts that the enemy are throwing up a small earthwork a short distance from here on our right which will command the wagon road leading to New Port News, and it is absolutely necessary that their battery should be captured or driven from its position, as this turnpike is the only route by which we can receive our rations and ammunition. Now I want you to take command and lead a squad of men and carry the position at any cost.

Ran. Thank you, Colonel for the honor you have conferred upon me. I shall do my duty if it costs me my life. When is the redoubt to be stormed?

Col. Har. To-night, at sun down.

Ran. I will go, and when I return I will bring you a token in the shape of their battle flag.

Col. Har. All right Captain, I will send you old Jack Harkness, the scout, who is to guide you to the place.

[*Enter Pat* R. 1 E., *and Snowball beating him over the back with a frying pan.*

Pat. Hould on there ye black nager, do you want to beat the loife out o' me carcus.

Snow. Take dot, an' dot, an' dot, you dirty Irishman.

Pat. Och, murther for thaves take the nager off.

Col. Har. Hello, what's all this row about.

Snow. Well sah, dis Harishman he done gone crawl in de cook house when I was out for water, an' he stole all de hoe cakes I bake fo' de Gen'l.

Col. Har. How is this Pat?

Pat. Begora, it's all a mistake Curnel, sure the General was just after tellin' me the nager was baking some hoe cakes for him and sent me to the cook house to get um, and when I went into the cook house an' saw the nager was out, sis oi to meself sis oi, McGinty, sis oi, sure it would be a foine joke on the Gen'l to eat the cakes meself sis oi, an' the hoe cakes were a spilin' fur good company, an' sis oi McGinty, sis oi, come in here to your breakfast you sprakley faced divil before the flois ate it.

Col. Har. Oh Pat, this is a serious offense and I shall have to put you on half rations for a week.

Gen. Pal. Yes, and you should send him to the surgeon under guard and compel him to take an emetic. Stolen goods should be restored to their rightful owners.

Snow. Fo' de Lor' sake dis Harishman am de wars thief I eber seed; he'd steal from he'self if dar war no one else to steal from just to keep his han' in.

Gen. Palmer. Pat this is a bad record for you. You may consider yourself under arrest the balance of the day and your rations of whisky cut off.

Pat. Och, murther; bad cess to the nager. Sure oi don't moind the arrest at all at all. But the whisky'l be gone an' how the divil can oi drink water, oi dunno?

Col. Har. Well, come along and see how the surgeon takes the joke you played on the General.

[*Exit all* R.—*Dark stage.*]

SCENE 3.—*Wood in 4 groove—Mark and confederate soldiers camped* L. U. E.—*Cannon* L. 2 E., *the confederate flag flaunting over it—Enter Leon and drum corps* R. 1 *and* 2 E. *playing—Enter Ran. and Pat. with federal soldiers* R. 3 *and* 4 E.—*Enter Jack* R. 1 E.

Jack. Wal boys, I roc'on as how you'll find this aint no picnic yer goin' on; the dod blasted Johnnies have got a strong hold an' it's a gonter be blame hard work a chargin' up hill arter night, but I rec'on as how we'll give them a surprise. Ha, Cap.

Ran. Jack, we are here to fight you can rest assured on that score.

Jack. All right Cap., you hold your men in readiness while I take in the lay-out. [*Business.*] Wal, Cap., I rec'on as how we'll have a hard time of it for they've got trees felled all 'round their camp except one corner and there's a swamp there that'l swallow us all up in a jiffy, if we try to cross it.

Ran. Well, then we will have to attack them from this side. Forward, march.

Mark. Halt! Who goes there?

Ran. Captain Ellsworth with strong forces. Will you surrender this redoubt?

Mark. No, never to you, sir.

Ran. Now men, you see the redoubt we have been commanded to capture at any cost. Will you follow me to the end, yea to death if it be necessary?

All. I! I! Captain we will.

Tom. Three cheers for the Captain.

All. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!.

Pat. Begora I'm always behoindt like a dogs tail. Hurroo.

Ran. Now men have your pieces all ready and as soon as I give the command, fire and charge bayonets.

Mark. Arouse, men arouse and pour in death dealing slugs until the very earth floats in Yankee blood.

Ran. If I fall men, capture that flag or die in the attempt. Ready, aim, fire. *After which the rebel gunner fires cannon and Ran. falls up* C. *Leon casts his drum aside and picks up Randals sword and fights his way to the cannon; and then he and Mark have a hand to hand contest and Mark drops his sword.*

Pat. Begora bys get onto the bastard on the cannon for it was the Captain's last living request.

Mark. Down with the Yankee drummer. A thousand dollars for his head.

[*Leon gets the flag and Mark shoots him in the back and starts for the flag.*]

Mark. Ha, ha, Leon St. Clair I have wiped you from my path forever; wiped out the disgrace of the blow you gave me in the presence of Jennie Ashcroft. and installed upon you my vengeance. Now, I'll take that flag.

Leon. Mark Dartwell, you are a murderer; *then falls.*

Pat. Hauld on ye gray-back divil. Oi want that rag meself, bedad.

Union soldiers fire again—Exit Mark and confederate soldiers L., *quick—The union soldiers roll cannon over to* R. *and off* R. U. E.—*Pat kneels over Leon.*

Pat. Oh Leon; me brave bye are ye dead?

Then raising him up and giving him a drink out of flask:

Pat. Here Leon, me bye, drink some pache brandy.

The General cut off me rations ov whisky and I stole a gallon ov this from his tent; it may serve to strengthen you. *Leon drinks.* Thank God he drinks it, he lives.

[*Union soldiers all coming down stage.*]

All. Hurrah! Hurrah! he lives.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Parlor in 3d groove* C. D., *open, backed by street—Sofa* R. C.—*Table and chairs* L. C.—*Jennie discovered on sofa and Lillie at table on chair.*

Jennie. Lillie, I have decided to go south as a hospital nurse.

Lillie. You Jennie, leave your beautiful home and go south among those rough soldiers to endure such a life.

Jennie. Why should I not go; do you think it any disgrace to try to aid and comfort those who have left wives and children, mothers and sisters, to fight for the best government the sun ever shown down upon? My life in the future is but a dreamy blank with no bright spot to look forward to.

Lillie. But your mother, she will need your care.

Jennie. No, she has friends who will care for her in my absence, and few are those who will minister to the needs of those brave men that are suffering that the honor of our flag may be preserved.

[*Enter Willie to* C. D. *with papers.*]

Willie. Papers, morning papers; all about the death of Captain Ellsworth.

Lillie. Oh Jennie, get a paper; I am anxious to hear from the south.

Jennie. Come in Willie, I want a paper.

[*Enter Willie and gives Jennie paper, then exit* C. D. R.]

Jennie. Oh, here is all about Captain Ellsworth and his company making a gallant charge on a rebel earth-

work and capturing it at a cost of his life together with others; the killed and wounded are ——

Lillie. Oh, look at the list.

Jennie. Oh Lillie, Leon is mortally wounded.

Lillie. Mortally wounded, did you say? Then he will die.

Jennie. No, it does not always happen that the wounded die of their inflicts, and often the report from the battle field is exaggerated. It is possible that his wounds are slight after all.

Lillie. Oh Jennie, I can now realize the suffering of those brave men, and I too shall go south with you to nurse the poor fellows.

Jennie. Oh, then the eyes of love have changed your views; don't blush so Lillie; you see I have guessed your secret. I don't blame you dear; Leon St. Clair is one of the noblest men that woman ever loved; he is brave, true, honorable and tender, and let me tell you Lillie, the woman whom he honors with his heart and hand will ever bless the day she promised to become his bride.

Lillie. Yes, he is a noble gentleman; I should have confided in you but I—really—I thought you loved him and was engaged to him.

Jennie. I do love him as a very dear friend and step-brother. I am proud of him, but my heart is dead—lost long ago, and never more can its emotions be awakened.

Lillie. Not changing the subject at all, but when do you expect to start south?

Jennie. At once, to-day.

Lillie. So soon, then I'll go with you.

Jennie. Yes do, and who knows, perhaps you will have the pleasure of nursing Leon back to life.

[*Enter Mark* C. D. R. *in blue coat and cap.*]

Mark. Well, Miss Ashcroft, I am pleased to meet you again.

Jennie. Sir, I cannot say as much.

Mark. Oh, indeed, I thought you would have been glad to see me now that I am wearing the blue.

Jennie. Your coat may be blue but I'll venture to say that your heart is as black as ever.

Mark. My haughty Miss, I'm afraid your temper may get you into trouble some day. (*Aside.*) Little does she dream that I stood outside the door and heard her whole conversation with the other lady. I wonder who she is, she's a right pretty girl, too.

Jennie. Sir, you can do me a great favor.

Mark. And that is——

Jennie. To leave this house never to enter it again.

Mark. Very well, Miss Ashcroft, I will leave but remember you have basely insulted me, and the day will come when you'll repent it by begging me for mercy.

(*Exit Mark* C. D. R.)

Lillie. Who is that man that you so hate and despise?

Jennie. Oh Lillie, that man has been my evil genius for some time. He once proffered to love me and offered me his hand. I rejected him and since that day he has looked upon me with malignant hate. He is also a sworn enemy to Leon, believing I gave him the preference. He is a traitorous scoundrel and his presence here means no good.

Lillie. And his name is———

Jennie. Mark Dartwell.

Lillie. Mark Dartwell! Why he is the very man—Mark Dartwell—yes the man my brother George was with on the night of the murder 8 years ago.

Jennie. And he no doubt knows all about the murder.

Lillie. Perhaps so. But come Jennie, let us go and get ready to start.

Jennie. Yes, come. [*Exit Jennie and Lillie* C. D. L.]

SCENE 2.—*Street in 1st groove—Enter Mark* R. 1 E.

Mark. So Miss Ashcroft and her friend are going south to assist in the Yankee hospital. Well, I'll soon be back there to look after her. [*Looking off* L.] Hello, who is that coming? By jove that's her coming down the street now, and the other girl is with her. I must not let her see me here or she may try to have me arrested; I'll just step into this saloon on the corner. [*Exit Mark* R. 1 E.—*Enter Jennie and Lillie* L. 1 E. *in traveling dresses.*]

Lillie. Why, Jennie there goes Dartwell now. He turned into that saloon on the corner yonder.

Jennie. Which is a noted place for all such reckless characters as he is. But come, we will have to hurry on or we shall miss the through train to Washington.

[*Exit Jennie and Lillie* R. 1 E.]

SCENE 3.—*A kitchen in 3d groove—Leon lying on a cot* R. C.—*A stand and* 1 *chair at foot of cot—Enter Surgeon, Jennie and Lillie* C. D.

Sur. So you ladies have come to assist in the hospital.

Lillie. Yes, sir.

Sur. Ladies, this is a very critical case and he needs the most tender care. He has a very bad wound in the shoulder and inflammation has set in, which threatens to reach the brain.

Jennie. Why, Lillie, it is Leon.

Lillie. Yes, 'tis he and I fear he will die. Oh, how changed he looks.

Sur. His name is St. Clair, Captain St. Clair.

Jennie. and Lillie. Captain did you say?

Sur. Yes, ladies he is a captain now. He was a drummer, but he received the wound while capturing a rebel flag, and he has been promoted to Captain. I judge he is a friend of yours.

Jennie. Yes, a very dear friend. We read an account of him getting wounded but did not expect to find him here.

Sur. He was transferred a few days ago from the field hospital; a very critical case, and as he is a friend of yours he could not receive better care than you can give.

Lillie. Thank you, sir, we will undertake the task.

Sur. Let him sleep as long as he will. He is now under the influence of an opiate. When he wakes he will either be in a feverish delirium or perfectly conscious. But any sudden excitement would only hasten the result I fear. Now as I have another important case to see too I will leave you for a short time.

[*Exit Sur.* C. D. *Enter Snow.* C. D.]

Snow. How de do ladies, de Surgeon said he fo'got to show you whar to make yo' toilet so he dun tole me to watch the Captain 'till yo' return.

Lillie. Thank you sir, we will not stay away long, I assure you.

[*Exit Lillie and Jennie* C. D.—*Enter Sur.* C. D.]

Sur. Come with me Snowball, I need you very much. The ladies will soon return.

Snow. All right, Massa Surgeon, de ladies jus' gone out but da will soon return, I guess.

Exit Sur. and Snow. R. 2 E.—*Enter Mark in blue,* C. D.

Mark. I wonder where Miss Ashcroft and her friend have gone? I saw them enter this room.

[*Leon raising to a sitting position.*]

Mark. Great heavens! does the dead indeed come back to life? That is Leon St Clair, whom I shot and left for dead more than two weeks ago at Yorkton. Humph! I must be getting childish. No doubt my bullet did not prove fatal, and he is recovering. (*Mark draws a knife from belt.*) I would like to kill him now.

But no, that would spoil all my plans. Jennie is here somewhere and I must wait for an opportunity to carry on my revenge.

Leon. Mark Dartwell, you here?

Mark. Yes; you see I am a union soldier now.

Leon. What brings you here?

Mark. Because I have such a cousinly regard for you, and I have been north, to New York, on a very special business. I have seen a very dear friend of yours, Miss Jennie Ashcroft, and I wanted to tell you of her marriage.

Leon. Marriage!

Mark. Yes, she is married now.

Leon. You lie, Mark Dartwell, she would not be so base as to marry without my knowledge.

Mark. I tell you the truth. I was at the wedding; in fact, I am her husband.

Leon. No; this cannot be true. Jennie married to you? Oh, God what am I to do, I, who loved her so tenderly. Has she forgotten me so soon. Oh, Mark, cousin Mark, unsay those words and I will forgive you for all the wrongs you have done me. Oh, don't say those words; say you were only jesting and I will give you my hand as a token of renewed friendship. See how weak I am Mark. Pity me and say it is not true.

Mark. What do I care for your weakness? And as for your friendship I don't want it. My face smarts yet from the blow you gave me in the presence of Jennie. This is joy to me; 'tis balm to sooth my face. Pity you? I wish to God I could kill you with taunts.

Leon. You lie, Mark Dartwell and the truth is not in you. Jennie is true as steel. She would not deceive. She is—ha—there she stands now. You lie villian, yea devil that you are. Oh Jennie, tell me that he lies. Yes, yes, the cannon—the drum. Here Captain Ells-

worth give me the sword, I'll get the rebel flag, or die in the attempt Ha; why there's Jennie now; he says you are married to him; he lies don't he? Oh yes, of course he does. Unsay those words Mark Dartwell, or by heavens I'll kill you where you stand. (*Leon falls back on the pillow.*

Mark. It is better than I could have hoped. He is delirious with brain fever and will not be conscious of what happens. Oh, there is some one coming. I will stop outside and wait and watch.

(*Exit Mark.* C. D. *Enter Jennie* R. 2 E. *and take seat at foot of cot.*

Leon. Oh. Lillie, my dear little friend, when did you come? I am sick, you see. Did you come to comfort me? You should know the truth. That man tells me that Jennie is married to him. Say it is not true.

Jennie. I see no man but you. I am Jennie. Who says I am married?

Leon. No, no, you are not Jennie. She is in New York, and my cousin Mark Dartwell is married to her.

Jennie. gets up and walks around back of cot—Leon extends his hand to her.

Leon. Why, Lillie, I am glad to see you.

Jennie. My God, he does not know me; the fever is upon him. No Leon, Jennie is not married. She will never marry. Now don't excite yourself.

Leon. There Mark Dartwell I told you you lied. Out of my sight traitor.

Jennie. Come Leon you must be calm now and try to sleep. (*She strokes his head and Leon lies down again.*)

Jennie. Oh, he sleeps now; but what could he have meant by saying Mark Dartwell was here. What does it all mean. Can it be that that fiend has followed me here, and has gained entrance to the hospital during my

absence. But why should he tell Leon such a falsehood and drive him to frenzy and thus limit his chances for recovery. [*Enter Mark* C. D. *with a cloak on arm and a handkerchief and bottle in hand. He then chloroforms Jennie and drags her out at* C. D.

SCENE 4.—*A dark stage and a street in 1st groove—Enter Mark and Bob* L. 1. E. *dragging Jennie to* C.

Mark. Now, I want you to direct me to the river to John Slou's craft, and when we get on the Virginia side I would like to see the Yank's take the girl from me.

Bob. All right Cap.; just come along. Don you see that 'ar green light over thare? (*Pointing off* R.)

Mark. Yes.

Bob. Wal that's on Slou's boat; so come along. But I say Cap., what are ye gonter do wi ther gal?

Mark. That's my business. Come along and you'll find out in due time. [*Exit Mark and Bob with Jennie* R. 1 E.

SCENE 5.—*Water in 4th groove—a set water sheet in 2d groove—Mark. Bob and Jennie discovered in boat going from* R. to L., *Bob rowing boat, Mark holding Jennie and she screaming—Mark draws a knife from belt.*

Mark. Shut up your infernal mouth or I'll kill you and throw you overboard.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*Wood in 2d groove—a quartette seated center playing cards—Enter Pat.* R. 2. E. *with bottle in hand.*

Pat. Begora bys here's a quart ov rale oauld pache brandy, an' if yez will sing a good auld patarotice song sure Oi'll trate ye all.

All. Very well Pat. give us a drink first and we can sing better.

Pat. All right, I'll go you one if I lose.

[*They all drink, then get up and come down stage and sing Three Cheers for the Red White and Blue; exit* R. 2 E.—*Enter Snow.* L. 2 E. *dressed as a young negro.*

Snow. Say Irish I know whar yo' can get all de chickens an turkeys an' geeses you want.

Pat. Is that so; well now where do ye say they are?

Snow. Ober cross de riber on Massie Dartwell's plantation, 'bout two miles from harh.

Pat. Sure the gray-backs moight get me if Oi went across the river.

Snow. Golly no; durs nobody ober dare 'cept a white gal dots been dare 'bout free weeks an' she won't hurt no Yankee, you bet.

Pat. All right; be the powers I'll be over to-morrow.

Snow. All right honey, you jus' come over, dot's all right. [*Exit Snow* L. 1 E.]

Pat. Now begora, I'll knock fowls all the next inning. Sure I told the nager Oi'd be over to-morrow but Oi'll go over to-night.

[*Enter Leon* R. 2 E. *disguised as a dutchman.*

Leon. Vell hello Irisher vot you look vor?

Pat. Oime looking for chickens! did ye see any?

Leon. Vell I should smile; ven I look by you I vos seen von Irish leghorn.

Pat. Wal now, I suppose you think yer smart, don't ye? [*Leon takes off his hat.*]

Pat. (*Aside.*) Oh, get onto the skating rink! Say dutchy, phat the divil made ye so bald headed?

Leon. Vy I had vater on der brain und my hair fell in und vos drownded.

Pat. Oh, ho, that's one on me, (*aside*) but I'll get one on the dutchman. Say duchy I'm bald headed too!

Leon. Vas dot so; und vot made you bald headed?

Pat. Oh Oi'm a smart man sir. My head grew so

fast that me hair could'nt kape up wid it.

Leon. Vol vy did'nt you get one of Hericks plasters un draw der red hair out?

Pat. Say, dutchy where did you get the hat?

Leon. In Manhattan.

Pat. And where did you get that collar.

Leon. In Colorado.

Pat. And where did you get the coat?

Leon. In Dakota.

Pat. And the vest.

Leon. In Vest Virginia.

Pat. And where did you get your pants?

Leon. In Panselvania.

Pat. And where did you get the shoes?

Leon. In Shueruselum.

Pat. And where did you get your gall?

Leon. In Gallvay.

Pat. Well, phat the divel are yez anny way.

Leon. Oh, I vas von Scoudt, und I vos goin' to gross der river do-night do dry do vindt me von leedle gal vot vos shdole by dem rebels dree or two veeks pefore to-nighd.

Pat. Well, begorra, if ye are a scout ye can give me the countersign.

Leon. Vell, I dinks I can gif der counder sign. *He whispers to Pat.*

Pat. Begora that's it, sure. Now, phat do ye say to going forging. Sure, oi am tired av ateing hard tack and sow belly. Oi've got bristles on me back long enough to make a paint brush, and oi want to taste av some fresh mate, chickens and turkeys, and vale cutlets, and the loikes av that.

Leon. Undt vere do you oxpect to findt such dings like dot?

Pat. From the enemy, sure.

Leon. But vere?

Pat. Over the river, about two moiles away.

Leon. Und how did you vind oudt dere vas such dings like dot?

Pat. Sure, one av the nagurs told me.

Leon. But supbose der blace vos unter guardt; und den vat?

Pat. No, there's no one there a tall, a tall, except a gurrel; and sure she won't hurt two foine looking gentlemen like us.

Leon. Vell, I vos in vor idt, but ve must not ledt der officers findt idt oudt.

Pat. Av course not. To-day is drill day, and when oi tak the bys out to drill, sure oi can take the liberty av going beyand the loines av camp; then you and oi can go across the river afther dark.

Leon. Dot vos so, und by the vay idt vos dime vor trill now.

Pat. Is that so! sure phat toime is it?

Leon. Vy, idt usht shtruck vone.

Pat. Bedad, oi'me glad oi was n't around here an hour ago. But say! dutchy, let's be going.

Leon. Vell, idt makes me no difference oudt.

Exit *Pat and* *Leon*, R. 1 E.

SCENE 2.—*Kitchen in 3d groove—Jennie seated at a table*, R. C.

Jennie. Oh! if I could only get word to the Union camp; perhaps some one could aid me in making my escape from that fiend in human guise. He has already threatened my life if I do not marry him; and Leon, poor fellow, how he must have suffered.

[*Enter Mark*, C. D., *in gray uniform.*]

Mark. What's that you said about the Union camp?

Jennie. Oh, nothing much; I was only thinking.

Mark. Well, you had better not think too loud, or it

may be the worse for you. [*Enter Pat pretty drunk, at* C. D.]

Pat. Good avening to yez.

Mark. Who the devil are you?

Pat. Sargeant McGinty, sor, at yer sarvice.

Mark. What regiment?

Pat. The 93d New York.

Mark. What the devil are you doing here?

Pat. Sure, sor, I got lost.

Mark. Lost?

Pat. Yes, sor.

Mark. How came you so far from camp?

Pat. Well ye see, sor, the bys were a drilling down near the river, and as oi did n't feel well oi laid down and fell aslape, and rolled into the river. And I woke up, and it was dark, sure; and I swam out on the wrong soide. And I sthopped in here to see if ye could tell me the way back to the Union camp. (*Aside.*) May God furgi'me the loi.

Mark. Well, if I am not wrong, you are the man I am looking for, and you may consider yourself under arrest. *Enter Bob with gun,* L. U. E.

Bob. Hello, got another Yank.

Mark. Yes, take him out and lock him up until morning; then we'll hang the Irish spy.

Pat. Sure, phat did oi do to be hanged?

Bob. Come, get in there, Yank.

Exit Pat, L. 1 E., *and Bob after him with gun at a charge bayonet.*

Jennie. Oh, sir! how can you hang that poor, innocent fellow? He has done nothing to you.

Mark. You shut your infernal mouth, or I'll hang you with him. *Enter Leon,* C. D., *as dutchman.*

Mark. Well, it would seem as though hell's half acre had been turned loose upon this, my wedding night. Who the devil are you? a spy, I suppose.

Leon. Oh, nix! I vas von deicher Union man vot vas gone by de vars, und I vants to got me home booty guick; und so I dink better I run me avay by mineself, don't idt?

Mark. Oh, I see; you are trying to desert the Yankee army.

Leon. Yaw, dot vas so; und awer if Captain St. Clair vos got me back by dem vars he vould shoot me, und I vould not like dot.

Mark. There's nothing to fear on that score, for he is dead three days ago.

Jennie. Aside. Leon dead?

Leon. Vos dat so?

Mark. Yes, and I'm mighty glad of it.

Leon. Vell, my friendt, you vas mistaken, I dink; he vas not dead.

Mark. You lie! he is dead.

Leon. Vell, ofer you would meet him you vould dink he vas der livest derd man vot you efer seen.

Mark. What do you mean? (*Business.*)

Leon. Don't shook me so hardt; you vill dare mein goat.

Mark. Curse your dutch heart! if I thought you were playing me false I'd kill you.

Leon. Oh, murter! don't kill me; awer den I vould be deadt.

Mark. I have no time to waste on you; go into that room, (*pointing off* R.), and stay there until morning.

Leon. Vell, dot vas all righd; I vill go me oudt.

[*Exit Leon* R. 2 E.]

Mark. Well, Miss Ashcroft, have you concluded to become my bride?

Jennie. Sir, you may kill me if you desire to do so; but I will never consent to marry; do you hear, never!

Mark. I tell you, my haughty Miss, you must con-

sent to become my bride to night, or I'll lay you dead at my feet. There is a chaplain here from one of our regiments, and he will perform the ceremony in a jiffy.

Jennie. Mark Dartwell, you are a low, contemptible scoundrel, a coward and a wouldbe murderer, if your hands are not already stained with blood. I loathe and despise you, and sooner than consent to marry you I would suffer a thousand deaths.

Mark. Humph, you are putting on a grandiloquent to-night, but it will avail you nothing; this house is lonely, and isolated from other habitations, and should you shriek until your breath was gone it would be of no consequence. I am determined to make you my wife, more from hate than any love I bear you; and I shall not hesitate to use force if it becomes necessary.

Jennie. You are a brave and valiant soldier; your chivalry consists in making war upon defenseless women. [*Mark draws knife from belt.*]

Mark. In half an hour, Miss, I shall expect you to be ready for the ceremony. In case you fail to respond, my men shall bury your corpse to-morrow morning. The Army of the Potomac will make a forward movement shortly, and this business must be completed at once. [*Exit* *Mark*, L. U. E.]

Jennie. Oh, heaven help me in this extremity! for that unprincipled villian will not hesitate to put his threat into execution. Oh, I would to heaven that Leon were here to protect and assist me.

[*Enter Leon*, R. 2 E.]

Leon. Vell. Miss, vat vos der reason vy you vos cry.

Jennie. Oh, sir, that man whom you saw in here has threatened to murder me if I do not consent to become his wife to-night.

Leon. Vos dot so?

Jennie. Yes.

Leon. Oh, dot tam rascal! Vell, Miss, I don't dink he vill kill you; not vile I vas heare to brotect you.

Jennie. And you will aid and protect me?

Leon. Vell, now, you shust bedt my life I vill.

Jennie. Oh, Sir, aid me in making my escape, and assist me back to the Union lines, and you shall have my blessing as long as I live, and I will assist you in getting an honorable discharge.

Leon. Aside. Py chimminy Christmas! I bedt I vas got a mash py dot girl.

Jennie. Why are you silent; will you not assist me in getting out of this place?

Leon. You bedt my life I vill consist you. Here, vill you usht take dot leedle son-of-a-gun and but him in your bocket? Und vhen I bull mine scaboardt ov mine soardt, undt you usht ben ready, und I bedt dot Irisher he vill be here, und ve vill knock der villains more as five minutes high.

[*Enter Pat,* R. U. E., *with a musket.*]

Pat. Hello, Dutchy.

Jennie. Why, Sir, I thought you were under guard before this time.

Pat. So I was, Sor; but, begorra, I had some foine pache brandy, and oi sez to meself, McGinty sez oi, phats the mather with you getting the guard drunk, and taking his gun and making yer escape? And, begorra, I tot I'd jest drop in and see could I help ye along wid me. [*Wind heard off* L.]

Jennie. Oh, how the wind shrieks outside.

Pat. Begorra, yer roight, that's a purty hard storm coming up.

Leon. Say, Irisher, der vindt vill blow dru your vishgers.

Pat. Oh, ye go to the divel.

Leon. Say, Irisher, vy dondt you but your vishgers ub on tins.

Pat. Sure, what the divel would oi put me whishkers up on tins for?

Leon. So you couldt fool der vindt.

Mark. Come, Chaplain, right this way.

Pat. Begorra, here comes the divel; oi'll jest hide in this room, and see phat he's going to do.

Exit Pat, R. U. E. *Enter Mark and Confederate Chaplain*, L. 2 E.

Mark. Well, Sir, what are you doing in here?

Leon. Vy, idt vos so varm in dot room dot I couldn't no shtay me in.

Mark. Oh, you couldn't, ha; well, this is to be my wedding night, and you may remain as a witness.

Leon. Oh, I vill shtay, you bedt.

Mark. Here, Chaplain, this lady is to become my wife at once; you may proceed with the ceremony. Come, Miss Ashcroft, we are ready; time is very precious; we must leave here to-night, and the divine must return to his regiment.

Jennie. Oh, Sir, have you no pity for a poor, defenseless girl? I don't wish to wed that man, he is coercing me against my will.

Mark. Stop that prating and stand up here, you minx; and you, Divine, proceed with the ceremony.

[*Mark takes Jennie by the wrist.*]

Jennie. No, no! I cannot, I will not.

Mark. Guard, come in here, and bring her to the scratch. [*Enter Bob*, L. 1 E., *with gun.*]

Bob. Stand up thar, gal, and have ther knot tied.

Jennie. Oh, have pity.

Bob. Stand up thar, I say.

[*Bob lays his gun on the floor, and takes Jennie by the other wrist, and they drag her to Chaplain at* C. *of stage.*]

Chaplain. Do you take this woman to be your lawful wife?

Mark. I do.

Chaplain. Do you take this man to be your lawful husband?

Leon. Beder you usht holdt on a liddle mit dot monkey pissness; dot lady don't vant to marry dot man, und she dond't vas going to pe married do him.

Mark. I would like to know who will prevent her from marrying me to-night?

Leon. Vy, I vill brovent idt.

Mark. Oh, you will, will you? Here, Guard, take that dutch fool out and shoot him.

[*Bob stoops to pick up his gun. Enter Pat, aiming at Bob.*]

Pat. Hould on, ye grayback monstrosity av purgatory, or be the walls of Jericho, oi'll put the load av me gun through yer carcus.

[*Pat holds Bob at bay, and Mark holds Jennie by wrist.*]

Leon. Bedder you ledt go by dot lady, ain't it?

Mark. No, curse you! you'll pay dear for this.

Leon. Vell, awer you dondt let go by dot lady I vill make you sick off dot kind off pissness.

Mark. Curse you, who the devil are you?

Leon. Vy, I vos Leon St. Clair.

Jennie. Thank heaven! I am safe, safe.

Mark. Curse your Yankee heart, you shall pay for this with your life.

Leon. Unhand the lady, or, by the gods, I'll cleave you to the earth, and spurn you, beggar that you are.

(*Mark lets her go. Chaplain starts for her, when she draws revolver.*)

Jennie. Stand back, Sir; do not lay a finger on me, or you are a dead man.

Leon. Draw, traitor, and defend yourself.

(*Buisness.*)

Jennie. Oh, Leon, do not kill him; he is your cousin, you know.

Leon. My "cousin," yes, he is my cousin. Go, go, traitor, and if you cross my path again 'twill be the worse for you. (*Mark reaches for revolver.*)

Leon. Hold, villain; draw a revolver and you die at the point of my sword.

(*Exit Mark,* C. D., *and slams door shut. Exit Chaplain and Bob.*)

Leon. Open this door and allow us to pass.

Mark. No, curse your black heart; I have you now, my Yankee Captain. There you shall remain until I am ready to dispose of you. It will not be long, I assure you, and I shall have a sweet revenge. (*A dog barks off* L.) Do you hear my pet howling out yonder? Well, he shall make a dainty meal of your Yankee flesh. (*Jennie looking out of window at* L. C.)

Jennie. Great heavens! what a savage looking brute.

Leon. Heavens! fire, the dog is mad.

(*Leon takes revolver and shoots out of window.*)

Jennie. Why, Leon, you have killed him.

Leon. Yes; he will bite no one now.

Mark. And now, my Yankee Captain, you shall pay for that dog's life with your own. (*Red fire business.*)

Leon. Great heavens! the fiend has fired the cabin.

Jennie. Oh, heavens! what shall we do?

Leon. Keep up your courage, girl; we may yet escape.

(*Leon gets an ax off* R. *and chops* C. D. *down; then exit with Jennie prostrate. The cabin falls in. Enter Federal soldiers,* R. U. E.

Leon. Thank God, we are saved.

[*The red fire must be kept up until the curtain falls.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*A Camp Scene in Wood, 2nd groove—*

Arms Stacked, R. C.—*Pat and Federals Seated*, R. C.—*Enter Leon and Gen. Hancock*, R. 1 E., *looking off* L. *with field glass.*

Hancock. The enemy are busily engaged in McPherson's woods, preparing to rush upon us and take our men from cemetery hill. You will hold your command in readiness to charge at a moment's notice.

Leon. General, you shall find me ready to go to the front at any moment. [*Exit Leon*, R.]

Hancock. Beat the long roll.

[*Leon beats long roll, and the Federals get up.*]

Hancock. Take arms; carry, arms; twos right, march. [*Exit all*, R.]

SCENE 2.—*Wood, in 4th groove, Cannon* R. *and* L. U. E.—*Enter Mark and Confederates*, L.

Mark. Halt! Order arms; fix bayonets; carry arms; present arms; ready, aim, fire.

[*Here the cannon at* L. U. E. *must be fired off, and promptly responded to by cannon at* R. U. E., *accompanied by musketry and a constant roaring made on bass drum and sheet iron. Enter Leon and Federals*, R., *and fight back and forth 3 or 4 times; then the Confederates drive the Federals off*, R., *and all shout and retreat to* L. *Enter Leon and Iron Brigade*, R., *which is the Federals with high black hats on. Fight across 2 or 3 times. Mark rushes across to Leon with sword drawn.*]

Mark. Curse you! this time you die.

Leon knocks sword from Mark's hand; Mark draws revolver. Enter Jennie, quick, and steps between them. Mark fires and Jennie falls. Then the Federals make a charge, and drive the Confederates all off L. *Exit Mark*, L. 1 E. *Exit all but Pat and Leon. George Manning falls* L. C., *when the last charge is made.*

Leon. Oh, Jennie! why did you do this? why did you throw yourself into the jaws of death?

Jennie. Leon, my life is a blank; I have nothing to live for now, nor have I had since George Manning left New York. And I have this hour proved to you the quality of my affections as a step-sister. I am mortally wounded, and I have but a short time to stay; but, Leon, there is a bright and happy future for you. Live and love poor Lillie; she loves you more than I ever could. Oh, come nearer; 'tis growing dark.

Leon. Oh, Jennie! do not speak of dying; come, I will assist you to the hospital. [*Enter Lillie*, R. 1 E.]

Lillie. Oh, heavens! she is wounded.

Leon. Yes; that fiend, Dartwell, shot at me, and she stepped between us only to receive the bullet. Come, Jennie; see, here is Lillie. She has come to help you to the hospital.

[*They help her to her feet, and exit* R. U. E.]

George. Water! water! for the love of heaven give me some water.

Pat. Begorra, ye shall have something better than wather. (*Pat gives him a flask, and he drinks.*)

George. Bless you, Sir, bless you; I am dying, and it seemed as if my throat was all on fire.

Pat. Sure, that's an ugly wound ye have on yer face, and oi'me afraid ye are a goner, Sor.

George. Yes, I am going fast, and nothing can save me. But, before I go, I wish to say something to you, to make a request; and if you will grant it, my last prayer shall be that your life be spared until this dreadful war is over. Sergeant, what regiment do you belong to?

Pat. The 93d New York.

George. "New York;" you are from New York?

Pat. Yes, I am from New York city, but the regi-

ment was made up by bys from all over the State, Sor.

George. Who is your commanding officer?

Pat. Curnell St. Clair, Sor; sure he started out as a drummer, but now he's a Curnell.

George. How did he obtain the Colonelship?

Pat. Sure, he captured a rebel flag, and got to be Captain for that; and next he rescued a dear, good girl, and captured the villain Dartwell, who tried to burn them both alive. But the villain got away, and the divel knows whare he is now.

George. Leon is the man of all men I wish to see. Go and bring him at once. (*Pat looking off* R.)

Pat. Oh, here he comes now. (*Enter Leon*, R. 2 E.) Oh, Curnell, did the gurrel die?

Leon. Yes, Pat, poor Jennie is no more; whom have you here?

Pat. Sure, Curnell, he's badly wounded, and has a request to make before he dies. I don't know his name.

George. Do you know me, Leon?

Leon. No; that is, I cannot place you; yet there is a familiar look about your features. Who are you?

George. George Manning, brother to Lillie; do you recollect?

Leon. Why, yes; the wild rascal who ran away from home ten years ago.

George. Yes, the same; and many an unhappy day have I seen since. After your father was murdered I did not wish my whereabouts known.

Leon. Do you know anything about the murder; as to who committed the crime?

George. Yes, I know all.

Leon. Did you kill him?

George. I? no; 'twas Mark Dartwell.

Leon. Mark Dartwell! Then, by heavens! I have a double revenge to complete, and I———

George. But listen, Colonel; I have a request to make before I die. When I left New York I went to Florida, and engaged in the business of orange growing; and by careful management I accumulated a large fortune. This money I invested in diamonds, which I concluded was the safest way to transfer my property north, as I had made up my mind to go back and find my sister. I fell in with a party of guerrillas one night, while trying to make my way to the Union lines, and was forced to bury my belt, which contained the diamonds, to prevent it being stolen. Then I was forced into the Confederate ranks as a soldier, under the alternative of being shot as a spy, and have had no opportunity to recover the diamonds since. You will do me a great favor by recovering them and placing them in my sister's hands, together with a brother's blessing. Promise me this.

Leon. I will do so, George; I promise you.

George. Here is a diagram of the spot where the belt is buried. (*George hands him a paper.*) When you see Lillie, tell her I repented my wild conduct, and —and—come nearer—I cannot see you; love and protect her; I am——— (*George falls back.*)

Pat. Oh, Curnell, he is dead.

Leon. Yes, he is dead.

[*Pat and Leon carry him off*, R. U. E.]

SCENE 3.—*Street in 1st groove—Enter Pat and Tom*, R. 1 E.

Pat. Begorra, and would ye loike to have a wee drop? (*Pat pulls flask from pocket, and looks off* L.) Sure, here comes the nagur couck; phat do ye say to getting him drunk, and houlding a wake over him?

Tom. It's a go. [*Enter Snow.*, L. 1 E.]

Snow. How de do, gemmen?

Pat. Sure, would ye loike to have a wee drop av something that's warmer than yer auld heart?

Snow. Don't car ef I do.

[*Snow takes bottle and drinks. Here he can do a song and dance, or work any specialty he desires. Then drinks several times and gets pretty drunk.*]

Pat. Hello, here comes the divel! Tom, you take Snow down to my tent, and oi'll be down soon; and we'll dress him up in the Curnell's auld clothes.

Tom. All right; come Snow, let's go. You're getting full, and the Colonel may see you and have you put in the guard house.

Snow. O' right, hic, O' hic. right, gemmen.

[*Exit Tom and Snow*, R. 1. E. *Enter Mark*, L. 1 E., *disguised as an Italian, a basket on arm, with peanuts and bananas.*]

Mark. Good o' de morn; I selle de good-uh peanuts, an de bonans.

Pat. Aside. Sure. I wander phat the divel he manes by talking dutch to me loike that? Say, Itley, phat the divel are ye giving me, any way?

Mark. O, me no giv-e de anything; me selle de peanut an de bonans.

Pat. Say, Itley, I want to rent your face.

Mark. What-uh do you want of my face?

Pat. Sure, when the war is over and oi get back north, oi am going to start a drug store, and oi want your face to hang in the window, to make folks sick.

Mark. O-uh! dam-uh de Ilish mon; me want to see-uh de Cur–nèl.

Pat. Oh, you go 'long, ye smoked son of Itley.

[*Enter Leon*, R. 1 E.]

Leon. Hello, what do you want?

Mark. O—uh, me sell-uh de good-uh pea–nuts-uh an de bonans; me got de much-uh-lau, an me bothered much-uh by de-uh gurills. Dey camp-uh in my wood, an steel-uh much; me could-uh kill 'em-uh.

Leon. Oh, I see! you are a farmer. You raise fruits and sell to the sutlers.

Mark. Yes; me drive-uh de white horse an de red-uh wag.

Leon. Where are you from?

Mark. Oh, me live-uh on farm 'bout-uh two miles from-uh here, an me want-uh you-uh to come up wiz ze sol–diers and-uh kill um.

Pat. Well, do you know anything about a band av gurrillas who made a rade through here the day before to-day?

Mark. Yes-uh.

Pat. And did ye see their Captain?

Mark. Yes-uh.

Pat. And phat sort of a looking son-of-a-gun was he?

Mark. He-uh be-uh de middle-aged-uh man, wiz-uh black-uh mustache; much-uh black, like-uh me.

Pat. Begorra, that's the spalpeen Dartwell: did ye hear his name?

Mark. Yes-uh he-uh be de man: do-uh you know-uh him?

Pat. Well, begorra, do ye know oi would give a month's pay to lay the weight av me two flippers onto his carcus this blessed moment?

Mark. Well-uh, I can tell-uh you where his ban stay.

Pat. Ye can?

Mark. I can-uh leade de Cur-nell to de spot to-night if you give-uh me de mon.

Pat. Well, bedad; if the Curnell St. Clair gets afther the thaves he'll make moighty short work av them.

Mark. Oh, if de Cur–nell give-uh me de mon I will lead-uh him dere to-uh night.

Leon. Yes, I can give you what information you de-

sire; come to my quarters to-day, and I will be ready to go with a thousand men.

Mark. What-uh time?

Leon. At 5 o'clock.

Mark. No, at-uh 12 o'clock.

Leon. Why not start at once?

Mark. O-uh, I can-uh no go till-uh night.

Leon. Very well, then, as you like; but mind you, if you are leading me into any trap your life pays the forfeit.

Mark. Oh, me uh no lead-uh you in trap.

Leon. Very well, then; to-night at 12.

[*Exit Leon*, R. 1. E.]

Mark. Will-uh you show-uh me his head-uh-quarters?

Pat. Sure, I will that. Now, do you see that grane house wid the white blinds over on the hill there? (*Pat points off* R.)

Mark. Yes, I can-uh see.

Pat. Well, begorra, that ain't the Curnell's headquarters a tall a tall, but the cabin beyond it's his.

Mark. All-uh right-uh, I will-uh be there; good-uh day.

Pat. Good-bye, me darlint. [*Exit Mark*, L. 1 E.]

Pat. Now, begorra, oi'll go down and see phat Tom done wid the nagur. [*Exit Pat*, R. 1 E., *dark stage.*]

SCENE 4.—*A Kitchen in 4th groove*—*A Cot*, R. C.—*Enter Pat and Tom with Snow*, C. D., *in blue uniform, and lay him on cot.*

Pat. Now, when the nagur wakes up and foinds hisself in the Curnell's auld clothes, sure he'll be mad enough to ate the two av us. Come, Tom, let's be going. [*Exit Pat and Tom*, C. D. *Enter Mark*, C. D.]

Mark. Oh-uh, de Cur–nell he-uh be-uh de sleep; he much-uh laze, like-uh de monk. (*Mark drawing knife*

from belt.) Now, if I can-uh slip up to him I will-uh make-uh de kill. (*Mark goes up to cot and lifts knife.*)

Mark. And now, Leon St. Clair, I shall wipe you from my path forever.

(*Enter Leon quick at* C. D., *and catch Mark by wrist.*)

Leon. Not yet, murderer; behold there lies a poor negro, dressed up in my old clothes to give me a surprise. He whom you would have murdered, and thus added crime upon crime had I not come in just as I did; you, who killed poor Jennie at the battle of Gettys burg, aye, you who murdered my father ten years ago—

(*Enter Lillie,* C. D., *with light. Here the foot-lights are turned up.*)

Lillie. Oh, Leon! what does this all mean? Do not quarrel with that worthless dog.

(*Leon draws sword, and Lillie steps in front of him.*)

Lillie. Oh, Leon! do not kill him.

Leon. Stand aside, fair lady, there stands the murderer of my father. Draw, traitor, and defend your life.

Lillie. Oh, Leon! stop, stop!

Leon. No, stand aside; the world can't stop me now.

Mark. Yes, I will draw, and this shall be our last meeting on earth.

(*Mark draws sword, and they fight two or three minutes, and Mark falls* C. *of stage.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT VI.

SCENE 1.—*Parlor in 3d groove*—C. D. *open, backed by Garden, same as Act 1.—Piano or Organ* R. U. E., *Sofa* L. C., *Chairs* R. *and* L.—*Enter Mrs. A., Eva and Lillie,* C. D., *and take seats at the instrument, and sing any good old war song.—Enter Leon,* C. D.

Leon. Well, thank heaven; this bloody war is over, and I have passed safely through!

Mrs. A. Leon, my dear boy! I am so glad to see you.

Leon. Mother! my dear mother.

Eva. You are getting so proud you can't see little folks.

Leon. Why, Eva; my sweet little sister!

Eva. And there's Lillie; why, she is quite in the background. She who nursed you back to health and strength after Jennie was stolen away by some rebel fiend.

Leon. There, child, do not get angry; it has all passed from my memory now. Oh, Lillie! my dear little friend! I am glad to see you home safe and sound again. I have some news for you.

Lillie. Good news?

Leon. Good, and sad also. [*Enter Pat,* C. D.]

Pat. Top o' the mornin' to ye, Curnell—Oh! excuse me; sure I didn't see the ladies at first.

Leon. Never mind, Pat. Ladies, this is Mr. McGinty, the wild Irishman who followed me through the service.

Pat. Sure, oi'me Sargeant McGinty.

[*The ladies all laugh at Pat.*]

All. Why, this is our old friend Patrick! we are glad to see you.

Pat. Thank ye, ladies; sure oi'me glad meself, for many a close shave I had while foighting for that dear old flag.

[*Pat pulls Union flag from his pocket, and waves it over his head. Then pulls a rebel flag from another pocket.*]

Pat. But here's the divel's own rag, sure.

Eva. Oh, mamma! Pat has a rebel flag. Say, Pat, what are you going to do with it?

Pat. I dunno phat oi'll do wid it; but, sure oi'll not give it to Grover Cleveland, a tall, a tall.

Leon. He captured that flag, and saved my life while so doing; and came near losing his own life.

The Ladies. May heaven bless you.

Pat. Sure, I thank yez for the blessing, ladies; but the Curnell captured the rag, and was shot down by that spalpeen, Dartwell, and oi helped him back to camp wid it. And he told me to kape it, and said for me to call here thes mornin' as he had a surprise for me.

Leon. Yes, Pat, I have a surprise in store for you.

Pat. And phat's that?

Leon. Here is a thousand dollars for you to buy yourself some clothing, and I want you to take charge of the horses and coach, and assist about the house also, for which I will pay you a liberal salary.

Pat. Oh, thank you, Curnell.

Leon. Oh, don't mention it.

Pat. Oh, no; I won't tell any one. (*They all laugh at Pat.*) Sure, an phat do ye want me to do first?

Leon. Oh, you may take a week or two to visit your old friends.

Pat. All right, Curnell; oi'll jist go out wid the bys and blow meself.

[*Exit* Pat, C. D., *with Mrs. A. and Eva.*]

Leon. Here, Lillie, is the last boquet from your brother; who, though wayward in his younger days, repented and was trying to make amends for the future, when he was stricken down ere he could come back to your side. Lillie, I have loved you since the day I returned to consciousness in the hospital, after Jennie was dragged away by that fiend, Dartwell; when I saw you, pale and wan, bending over me. I have not much to offer you but the devoted heart of an honest man, whose hand has never been stained by dishonor. Will

you promise to become my bride? Can you, who is now a wealthy woman, consent to wed a man who has nothing to bestow except the reputation he has carved out with his sword.

Lillie. Yes, Leon, I love you, and always have, even when I thought you were affianced to Jennie Ashcroft.

Leon. And you will become my wife?

Lillie. Yes.

Leon. And your fortune will never bar our path of happiness?.

Lillie. No, Leon; perhaps I might have never received it but for your fortunate meeting with my dear brother.

Leon. Thank God, my darling, that through His divine guidance I have passed safely through the shoals and dangerous reefs of this life's journey, to reach at last a heaven of happiness for ever. So let our motto ever be, Friendship, Charity and Loyalty.

CURTAIN.

The Grand Tableau is formed by Lillie *and* Leon, *hand-in-hand, at* C.; *Mrs. A. and Eva seated in front of them; Union soldiers* R. *and Confederate soldiers* L., *and their arms laid down on stage, in front of all. All join hands, forming a semi-circle from* R. 1 E *to* C.; *thence from* C. *to* L. 1 E. *Red fire.*

CURTAIN.

NOTICE.

This Play must not be produced as a whole, or any part thereof without written permission from the Author, Henry Harmon Palmer.

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PROPERTIES.

Guns for Soldiers; two Revolvers: two Flags, Union and Confederate; two Cannons, Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Fife, a Cot Bed, Small Stand, Long Table, Organ, Sofa, two or three Chairs, an Ax, Wood Door, rough; Tableau Lights, Large Fire Crackers, Field Glass. Table Cloth, Large Dog, Gloves for Generals and Colonels, a Basket with Peanuts and Bananas, Knife for Mark, Dishes, a Frying Pan, two Fire Shovels, a Large Cloak, a Handkerchief, small Bottle marked Chloroform; three or four Swords, Boot Tops for Generals and Colonels, a small Boat and Oars, a piece of Sheet Iron, a flask for Pat, a Belt, supposed to contain Diamonds; Money for Leon, in act 6; a Canteen for Pat.

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